

The History of

breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, com & be hangd,
hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gadshill Good morrow Carriers whats a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay by godsoft, I know a trickeworth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2 Car. I, when, canst tell: lend me thy lanterne. (quoth he) merrily Ile see thee hangd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Muges, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they wil a long with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Exeunt

Gad What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth pick-purse.

Gad. Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow master Gadshill, it holds currant that I told you yester night, thers a Franckelin in the wilde of kent, hath brought three hundred markes with him in gould. I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too. God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges & butter, they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarkes, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas, as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hangs with me, & thou knowst he is no flaruling, tut, there are other
Troians

Henry the fourth.

Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if should be lookt into) for their own credit sake make a I am ioined with no foot-land rakers, no long staffe strikers, non of these mad mustachio purple hewd mal but with nobility, & tranquillity, Burgomasters & great ers, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner then speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray (Zounds) Ile lie, for they pray continually to their saint mon-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their bootes? will out water in foule way?

Gad. She wil, she will, iustice hath liquord her: we in a castle cocksure, we haue the receipt of Ferne-seede, w inuisible

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more behou the night then to Ferne-seed, for your walking inuisible *Gad.* Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our as I am a trueman.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false the

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid bring my Gelding out of the stable, farewell ye mude

Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto &c.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued horse, and he frets like a gun'd Veluet.

Prince Stand close.

Enter Falstaff

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be hangd Poines.

Prince. Peace ye fat kidneyd rascall, what a brawl thou keepe?

Fal. What Poines, Hal?

Prince. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that theeues company hath remoued my horse, and tyed him I know not w trauel but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I my wine. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue his company hourelly any time this xxii. yeere and y